

# Good S50 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

**WHAT** will be the effect of air transport on British shipping after the war? Several British and American aircraft firms are now actually building air liners to carry from 100 to 400 passengers apiece. These machines are scheduled to travel at about 300 m.p.h.

## CHEAP BY AIR.

American figures vastly over-top these.

Over 14,000,000 miles have been flown by Russian transport pilots in the past two years.

German air transport marvels have been largely responsible for preventing a Wehrmacht collapse in Russia.

**The post-war air will carry traffic that used pre-war to go by sea, but the proportion thus diverted will be minute, though valuable. Shipping will have to adapt and make changes; but the total volume of shipping should increase, not decrease.**

Chief of the changes will be the passing of the "ocean greyhound" liners.

# WINGS or WAVES?

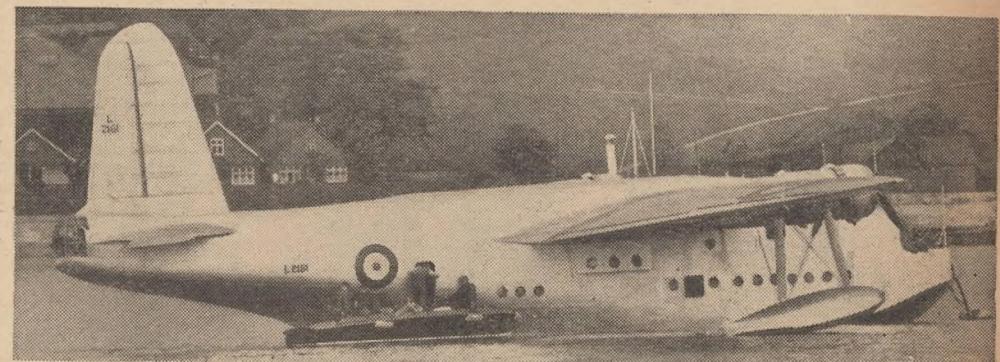
I have been on the sea for 50 years. I began in "Cutty Sark" and saw sail go out; it looks as if I may see, in their turn, the crack passenger liners give place to a new type of boat. This will probably be the fast cargo liner, such as are now being turned out by some British yards.

## NEW SHIPS WILL PAY.

Juan Trippe, chairman of Pan American Airways, biggest passenger carriers in the air, stated not long ago that his company had decided on the construction of 50 new Clippers, each capable of carrying 153 passengers from New York to London in ten hours "at a fare of 100 dollars."

In face of such competition the first-class sea passenger traffic is going to be skimmed clean. Liners of the "Queen Mary" and "Normandie" class, that cost £10,000,000 apiece to build, cease to be a commercial proposition if their first-class passenger list is deleted. So would the fast Mediterranean and Eastern liners.

There is excellent accommodation for officers and crew; each officer has a roomy cabin to himself, with running water, wardrobe, etc.; the captain has a day room and office, bedroom and bathroom; even the higher ratings have two-berth cabins. Such vessels would travel regular routes, with properly scheduled times; and passenger comfort aboard would be of the highest class, though without



the ostentation of the old trans-Atlantic liner.

**Ships of the new sort can be built and run with great economy on a basis of upwards of 50 passengers per trip.**

Speeds may be actually higher than the old liner speeds within a few years of the end of the war, for sensational steps have been taken since 1939 in the development of very fast and light marine Diesels for naval craft, which have made sea speeds possible that were considered moonshine before this war began.

Mr. E. C. Gordon England, chairman of the British Engineering Industries Association, has stated that a fleet of 5,000 air transports, of a size we could build today, could move 150,000 tons a week trans-Atlantic in both directions.

It is known that the combined British, U.S. and Russian aircraft output now exceeds 14,000 per month, so 5,000 air transports is not an impossibility.

**To ferry the normal cargo of one 10,000 tons vessel across the Atlantic, about 250 air transports of the biggest size now in normal use would be required.**

Flying back and forth as fast as servicing could be supplied, they would deliver the last load of that cargo at the same time as the ship would finish discharging. Much of the cargo, of course, would be delivered earlier.

## COSTS CAN'T COMPARE.

But consider the cost. Two hundred such cargo aircraft

would take at least 200 days to build, as against, say, 20 days for a Liberty ship; and their 800 motors would make them much more costly.

**These 800 motors, to haul the ship's cargo trans-Atlantic, would burn between £1,000,000 and £2,000,000 worth of petrol; but the ship would cross on less than £5,000 worth of fuel oil.**

The personnel of the air freighter fleet would number at least 1,000; the crew of the ship would be between 50 and 100.

The normal life of a ship is at least five times that of a big aircraft.

A study of these figures will convince most people that ships will go on carrying the world's heavy freight for a long time to come. Jet propulsion, and other advances in aircraft construction, may increase speeds and enlarge cargo space, but it will be a very long while before an aeroplane can carry a 10,000 tons cargo. At present, an air cargo of 10 tons is looked upon as nearly a miracle!

For passengers and mails, the story is different. The Atlantic has many times been flown in under 10 hours, as against four days' liner time. Aircraft have flown from California to Australia in less than 35 hours, instead of surface-travel time of 60 days.

**Although British shipping companies are making extensive plans to run their own airlines after the war, I believe there will be more business about the seas than ever.**

senger and freight transport by sea than before 1939. Besides the fast cargo liners I have mentioned, there will be great scope for 30,000 tons vessels for long-distance cheap passenger travel and, of course, for a great fleet of tramp ships.

## SO BOATS WILL STAY.

The war has opened up and industrialised great new areas of the world, and taught millions to travel who might never otherwise have left their own country. It has displayed opportunities of commercial development, and all this will mean an increased demand for post-war transport.

Mr. J. Slater, vice-president of American Export Airlines, has stated in an authoritative analysis, that 103 big aircraft will be all that the U.S. will be likely to be able to employ for overseas use with commercial profit for three years after the war.

Meanwhile, the U.S. alone, in the last two years, has built over 24,000,000 deadweight tons of new merchant shipping. No one need fear that all these new ships, with the ones built by Britain and other countries, will be scrapped to make room for air freighters and air liners as soon as the war is done. There will be more business about the seas than ever.

have poverty if you banish greed. They know that you can't have profiteering and slumdom where you have established unselfishness and honesty.

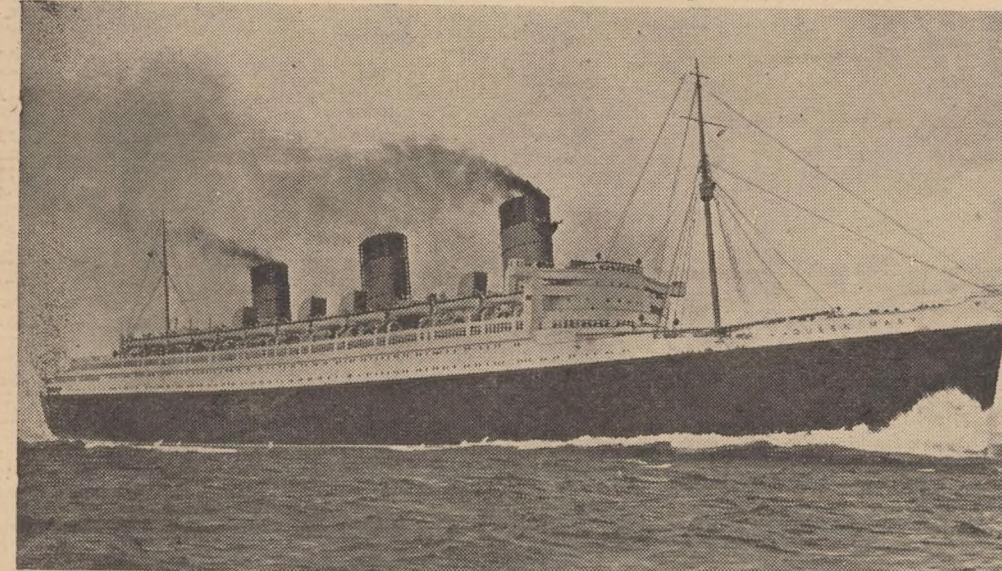
They know that you can't have the darkness of stinking Sin where you have the light of Purity.

**AND YOU AND I KNOW IT, TOO . . . If we stop to think. Why the heck don't we?**

I haven't room to do justice to these practical Christians, but this organisation holds its head proudly, remembering the words of Christ, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake."

That's something, isn't it? Cheerio and Good Hunting.

**Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1**



# Beneath The Surface

With Al Male

**A FEW** of us were sheltering during a recent blitz . . . and person said, "As for civilised," the second things were pretty sticky . . . relative term, and as for being terrific gunfire and the usual background for what most state that we, as a whole, are NOT religious, because we do people call "the jitters."

Not a word was spoken, as most of us were finding mental antidotes to the outside disturbance.

Then, during a lull, someone said, "This is what civilisation has brought us to . . . this is what Religion has done for us."

Obviously that could hardly go unchallenged, and it was not in the least surprising that a voice should say, "Don't you mean, 'This is where the misuse of civilisation and the non-application of religion have brought us'?"

The first speaker was taken aback.

"Well . . . we ARE civilised, aren't we, and we ARE religious, aren't we?" he asked.

which could never by any means be called "good"?

How many of us pursue luxury for ourselves, when we know full well that even in our own town poverty is rife?

Come along, chaps . . . let's face up to it. And I include myself, of course.

Do you and I consider, before we act . . . consider others and the possible effect of our action on them?

Do we make it a rule to only do the things which are for the betterment of others and the ultimate betterment of our country?

Because, don't you see, unless we do we are hardly entitled to criticise.

Start in our homes. Do we see that our contribution is such that we never cause any friction, or do we pose as the "great misunderstood"?

In our work, do we really, as employers, for instance, ever consider anything but profits, and try to get the most out of the men, instead of admitting that without the staff's co-operation we just can't do anything?

Or, as the employee, are we prepared to do a bit extra when the occasion arises without first of all killing every advantage by wasting invaluable time in stupid argument?

We say, "There are two shared with others . . . it is not sides to every question." Maybe for personal gain . . . and there are, but only ONE of tested by four standards of them is Right . . . the point Honesty, Purity, Unselfishness really is that both parties are and Love. It gives a clear

entitled to the Right . . . and indication of a path of duty and if it IS Right, then both parties will benefit . . . and benefit in a more Christian manner.

These people follow that guidance, no matter where it takes them and no matter on whom the benefit of it is to fall . . . their own personal inconvenience is never considered; in fact, they do not know the meaning of the word . . . everything they do is for anybody who may feel the need of it.

Or do you think it is only an ideal . . . too ethereal for earthly application?

May I say that, not only is it possible, but that IT IS BEING PRACTISED? And, what is more important, it is being PROVED workable and universally beneficial.

I have made the acquaintance of a group of men and women who are daily putting it to the test, and every minute finding that it works.

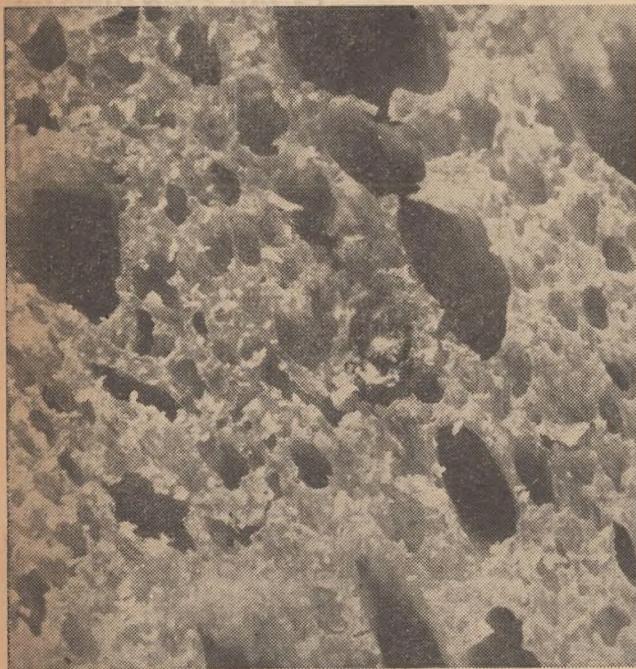
Make no mistake, it means throwing most ideas overboard and going into action with decks cleared . . . but these people have started by getting THEMSELVES right, and keeping themselves right, and letting nothing unrighteous stand in their path.

These people start their day at 5.30 a.m. by listening to God and asking for guidance . . . which guidance they jot down on a piece of paper.

The guidance, mark you, is centred on the right guidance of the individual, resulting, as it inevitably must, in a more Christian country, and eventually a better world. They know that you can't

**G. Purssey Phillips,**  
**Commodore of the**  
**Clan Line sums up**  
**the "Ships v.**  
**Planes" argument**

# SUNDAY FARE



## WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's Picture Puzzle. Last week's was:  
Part of a Loose-Leaf Book.

## MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

## JESSE ADOPTS ALL SIX ORPHANS

**JESSE** was weeding corn in the wheat-field which runs alongside his garden. He had "spudded" along to nearly halfway across the field when he almost trod on a baby rabbit.

It was such a tiny speck, crouched in between the drills of corn that he would never have noticed it but that it hooped aside from the crushing approach of Jesse's boot.

It isn't only the protective covering that makes an animal invisible in its home surroundings; they merge themselves into the browns and greens so that no outline can be seen.

Jesse picked up the baby rabbit, saying, "Hello, tiny, what can I do for you this morning?"

The little creature didn't quite cover the hand on which it sat, and, having no answer ready for Jesse's question, just wrinkled its little nose in a friendly sort of way and made itself comfortable on its strange perch.

"You'll be happy enough in here till harvest!" said Jesse, putting it gently down in the corn and watching it hop leisurely along.

It stopped where a small heap of soil marked the entrance to a rabbit-hole, and Jesse, walking across, found six young rabbits crouched around, the whole family of youngsters waiting for mother's return.

"You'll be all right here," said Jesse to the little creatures, who seemed rather doubtful about it all, as a pair of big boots swayed down the corn around their home.

"Gen yer keep away from the hedges, yer'll be all right till harvest," he continued, and went on spudding thistles, after cautioning the six tiny tots that "it ain't healthy for young rabbits along the hedge-sides."

Jesse worked his way along to the further hedge—spudding out thistles and charlock, and feeling greatly buoyed up by having a word with six baby rabbits.

He turned by the hedge, and on the headland found a "milky-doe" with a gaping hole in its neck.

"Poor little beggars—waitin' for mother!" he said, picking up the doe to examine it.

## MADE WORLD TRIP—IN A FARM-BUILT BOAT!

(From Alex Dilke)

SINCE the days of Drake, circumnavigating the globe has held a peculiar fascination for men of all kinds, from the yachtsman to the tripper buying his round ticket at a tourist office and travelling in luxury.

The strangest and perhaps boldest of circumnavigators will probably always remain an American, Harry Pidgeon, who accomplished the feat soon after the last war.

Pidgeon decided to go entirely alone, which was, in itself, remarkable.

He decided to build his own boat, although he had never built a boat before. And most remarkable of all, he was not even, at the time he made up his mind, a sailor, but worked on a farm!

Working on plans he found in a yachting magazine, Pidgeon built a yawl, 34 feet long and with a large cabin. In this he fixed considerable storage space for food and water, as well as sleeping accommodation for himself.

In spite of the sceptics, his boat not only sailed well, but showed that his idea of travelling while asleep with shortened sail and the rudder lashed was perfectly practicable.

The construction of the boat took him eighteen months.

Before starting on his "dream voyage" round the world, he wisely decided on a trial trip. He made it from Los Angeles to Hawaii, and learned a great deal. Then he returned, made his preparations, provisioned, and set out.

Three years and fifty weeks later he returned, having accomplished what should have been, to a man of his experience, the impossible.

### SOLITARY WATCH BELOW.

He had many narrow shaves, inevitable when the great ocean crossings he made alone are considered.

When it was his "watch below," he had to sleep with one ear open for any change in the direction and force of the wind. But slowly his became instinctive, and he would dash from his cabin to the lashed rudder in pitch darkness.

In actual fact he only ran aground once. This was on the coast of South Africa.

Possibly he slept more soundly than usual or mis-calculated the force of the tide. At any rate, when he awoke in the morning his boat was motionless, and he managed to make Port-of-Spain of course, by a run of luck!

### DANGER FROM BATHING.

"There," he said, "that'll be better na waitin' outside," and then he went back to spudding thistles.

Then, furtively and secretly, he entered the tool-shed, opened an empty rabbit hutch, placed a handful of hay inside, and took out of his coat pockets—six baby rabbits.

"There," he said, "that'll be better na waitin' outside," and then he went back to spudding thistles.

As recently as 1800, rush-lights and phosphorous bottles were still in use. The tinder box passed from hand to hand, although it was being rapidly replaced by paper soaked in saltpetre or wood tipped with sulphur.

The idea of the rushlight, of course, was a slow-burning flame in a cylinder which was always kept alight. Alternatively, when you wanted a light from the phosphorous, you dipped a sulphur-tipped stick (say that quickly!) into the bottle and wagged it about till a flame spurted. Then, if you didn't re-stopper the bottle quickly the entire thing exploded. Most people preferred tinder boxes to these early Molotov Cocktails!

Sparks of flint and steel, however, were always erratic.

(Guess you know that!) In the end it was a Frenchman who invented the first chemical match, a German who improved it, a Swede who gave the wheel of progress another turn—and Englishmen discovered the highway to the wooden matches of to-day.

The match is thus a miniature League of Nations. The Frenchman, M. Chancel, coated the old sulphur sticks with a paste of chlorate of potassium, sugar and gum, and on touching sulphuric acid soaked in asbestos fibre—he presto, they struck! Some of the first matches needed to be scratched on sandpaper; some needed such slight friction that they were always exploding.

A box of Chancel's matches cost 15s., which was somewhat prohibitive. Then came the phosphorous match—a horror invented, strangely enough, in Germany. Not

only were the risks of manufacture appalling, but the fumes of the factory created disease that rotted the bones.

And there's more to a match in manufacture than the stick and the tip. I've seen a single machine which can slice wooden

blocks into 17,000,000 splints a

day; these splints in turn are split into hundreds of matches. Then the sticks are carried in drums to impregnating tanks, where impregnation in a solution of salt serves to prevent the wood from breaking off or glowing after use. Dried and blown up a pipe on to vibrating screens that sort the sizes, they are then dipped in paraffin before being tipped with the ignition paste—its recipe still a firm trade secret. Matches are, of course, automatically packed, but the labelling of the boxes is still done by girls.

Yet matches focus a world trade calculated to be worth £300,000,000. It has been said that a fifth of the total territories of Norway, Sweden, Finland and British Columbia are match forests. In France the manufacture is a farmed monopoly that reaps handsome profits; the U.S., too, has match taxes which reap rich dividends.

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## PUZZLE CORNER



THE NINE FLOWERS.

Fill in the missing words according to the clues and the centre word will give you the capital of a European country. Here are the clues: 1. They give you light. 2. Found in the head. 3. Bridge beheaded. 4. Wild fruit. 5. Pain acutely 6. Rest.

or mark nine dots on a separate piece of paper and try it on that want to.)

## These are Comfy Germs

DO germs make good mothers? germ children anywhere in the world.

Here are born and bred billions of British germs—but happily they live and die in captivity.

Dr. St. John Brooks, the curator of the collection—housed in a branch of the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine—is too proud of the germs in his possession—"the little fellows," as he calls them—to permit runaways.

The risks involved in the Lister experiments are no greater than those run daily in ordinary hospital routine.

The germs comprise every kind of bacillus. They come from all over the world. There can be few human diseases the originator of which is not represented, and there are also germs which cause only animal or plant disease.

Some 2,000 varieties are housed here, perpetually growing in number owing to the germs' faculty of reproducing.

Occasionally they are weeded out and sent to all parts of the world—by air or convoy—for experimental purposes.

When a doctor discovers a new germ, his first act is to send a specimen captive to the Lister Institute. Although some 4,000 germ-containing test-tubes are sent out every year, the number of germs in the collection thus remains much the same.

### THEY'RE DAINTY EATERS.

Imagine the task of maintaining these little creatures! How would you feed a midget measuring perhaps twenty-five thousandths of an inch across?

It isn't so simple, especially as some require such dainties as mashed potatoes and boiled blood if they are to be kept good-tempered.

True, some require no food at all except "agar," the gelatinous substance on which they rest in the test-tube, but these are in the minority. Dr. Brooks has a great deal of work with some of his other charges.

A few have to be transplanted into other test-tubes at different periods. The meningococcus, or cerebro-spinal meningitis germ, has to be transferred into different tubes every three weeks.

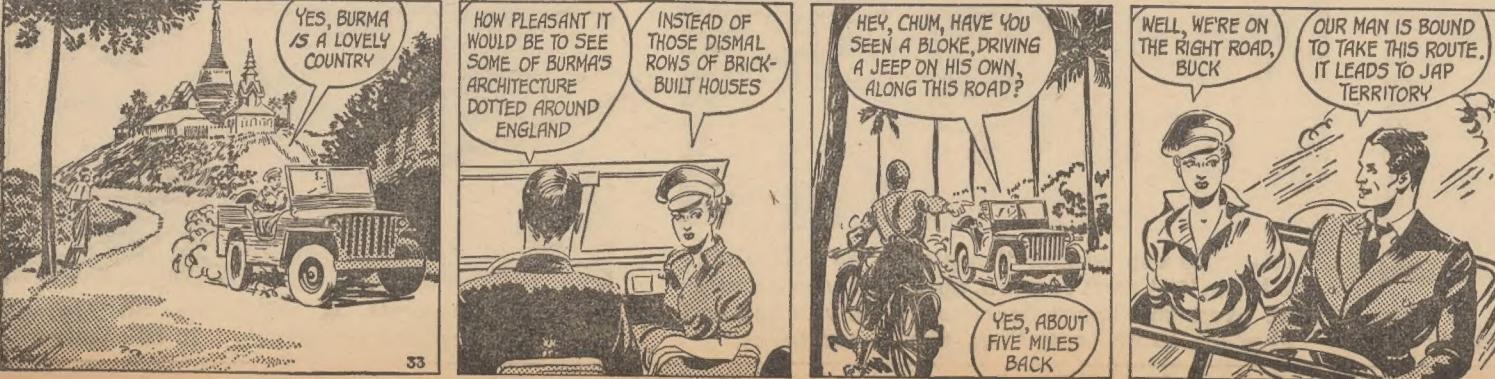
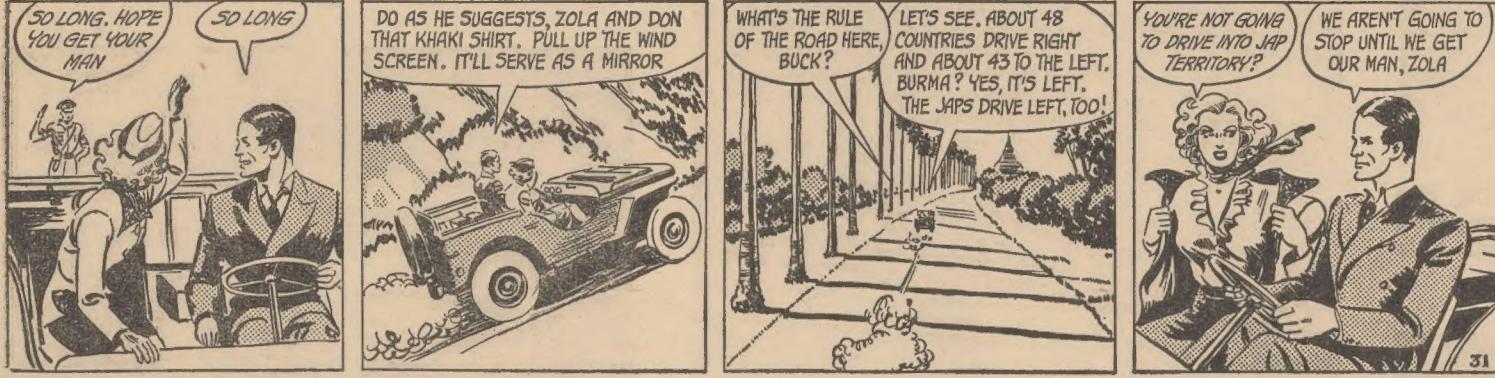
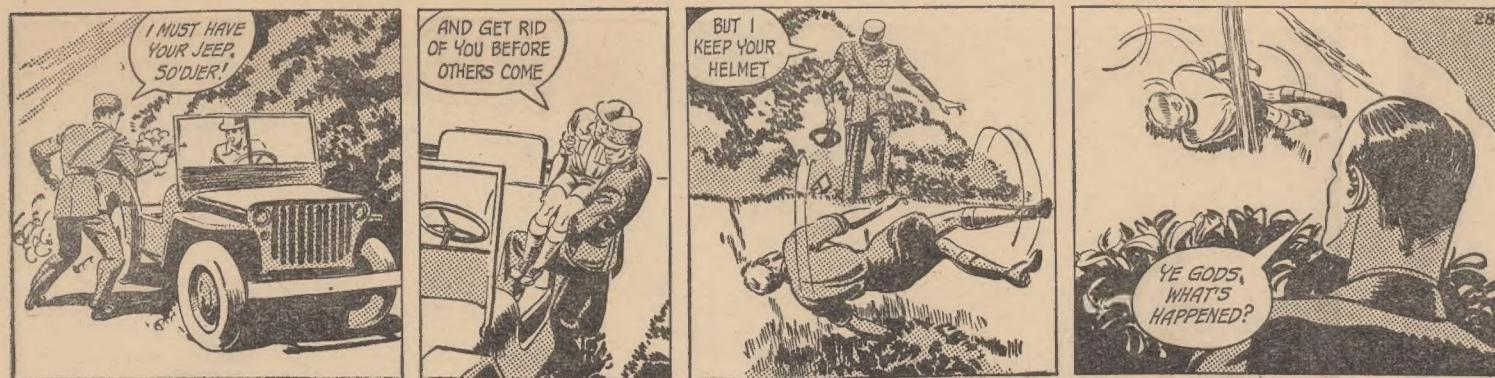
Some are beneficial creatures, such germs as are found in cheese and beer and wine, and without which the manufacture of these commodities might be impossible.

They find a home in the collection, since Dr. Brooks is not only concerned with disease. He is continually making experiments with regard to the use of germs for industrial purposes.

At one time the manufacturer of certain products had to guess at his results. Now he enlists the aid of the National Collection of Type Cultures and makes certain.

And any doctor will tell you that every new bit of knowledge about disease germs means health—and perhaps life itself—for thousands.

# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe —

RUSSIA has used stamps extensively in this war as a propaganda weapon and morale builder. They are mostly transverse pictorials showing the Soviet forces in action against the enemy. Nurses, scouts, guerrilla fighters, stretcher bearers and a host of others have been shown at work. Factory hands, munition workers, and the home front generally have been honoured, too.

All the propaganda stamps are excellently designed and full of action, and this issue is well up to standard.

Collectors who, in normal times, favour the policy of Great Britain not to issue pictorials or commemoratives, might well pause to consider, on seeing these Soviet stamps, whether we might not do ourselves some good abroad and at home by using postage stamps to publicise the heroic deeds of our own Forces on sea land and in the air.

I believe that stamps of this kind would be immensely popular with the public and a fillip to collectors.

Two of the Russian stamps, illustrated in this column, commemorate the bravery of 16-year-old Shura Chekalin and an 18-year-old girl Hero of the Soviet Union named Zoya Kosmodemjanskaja.

Shura joined his father in a guerrilla detachment and did great things with grenades and rifle, till one day a grenade aimed at twelve Germans failed to explode and he was taken prisoner.

Before his execution he was told by the Nazis to write on a plywood board: "This is the end that awaits every partisan." What, in fact, he wrote was: "We shall wipe away from the earth the Fascist vermin."

The girl Zoya fought heroically with a guerrilla unit when the Germans were advancing on Moscow. She also was captured and brutally tortured to make her divulge military information. She wouldn't talk, and the Germans hanged her.

These noble examples of young Russia's resistance to the enemy are safely enshrined in the hearts of the people. But, as an outward expression of their pride and gratitude, these war stamps are unquestionably filling a useful purpose. The Russian Government are shrewd psychologists.

According to Moscow radio, new issues are on their way commemorating the epics of Stalingrad, Leningrad, Sevastopol and Odessa.

The Italians also use—or used before the Allies split the country—postage stamps for propaganda purposes. Their designs are formal and uninspired, differing widely from the Russian.



In this column you see one of a series issued last year. It looks like two stamps, but is one, with an all-round perforation of 14. Each of the three denominations has two panels, the left a head of King Victor Emmanuel, and the right a design of war weapons carrying a slogan promising victory to the Axis Powers.

Some French air mails have just come to hand from African colonies now under the jurisdiction of the Free French.



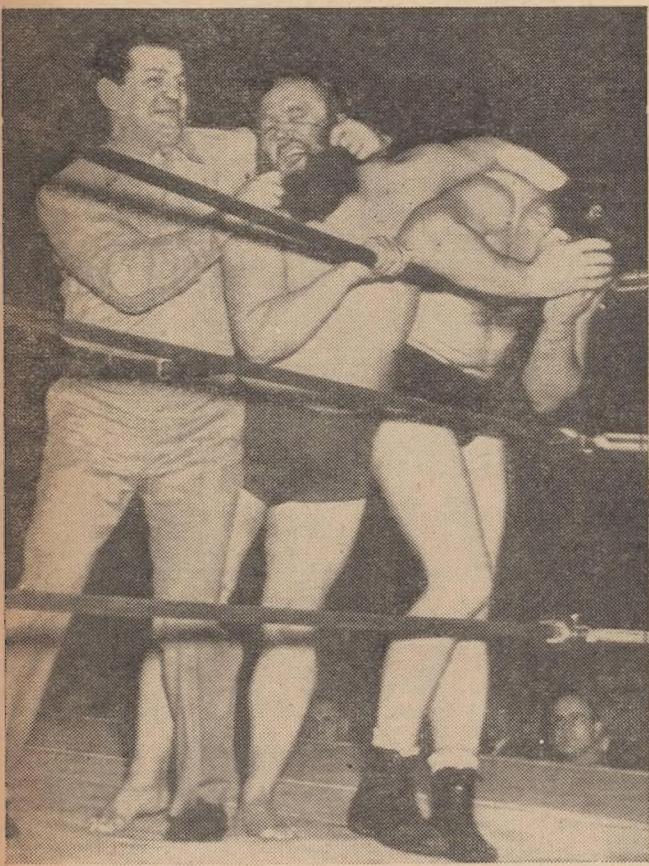
They were recessed printed by the Institut de Gravure at Paris in 1942, but are now used by the de Gaulleists, without, oddly enough, the France Libre overprint. The colonies concerned are Togo, Senegal, Niger Territory, Mauritania, Ivory Coast, French Sudan, French Guinea, and Dahomey.

There are eight values, from 50c. to 50f., and two designs—an airplane taking off, and a plane flying over a camel patrol. They differ only in the name of the colony, which is typographed. Unwatermarked, they have a perforation of 12½ by 12. What quantities were printed, I don't know.

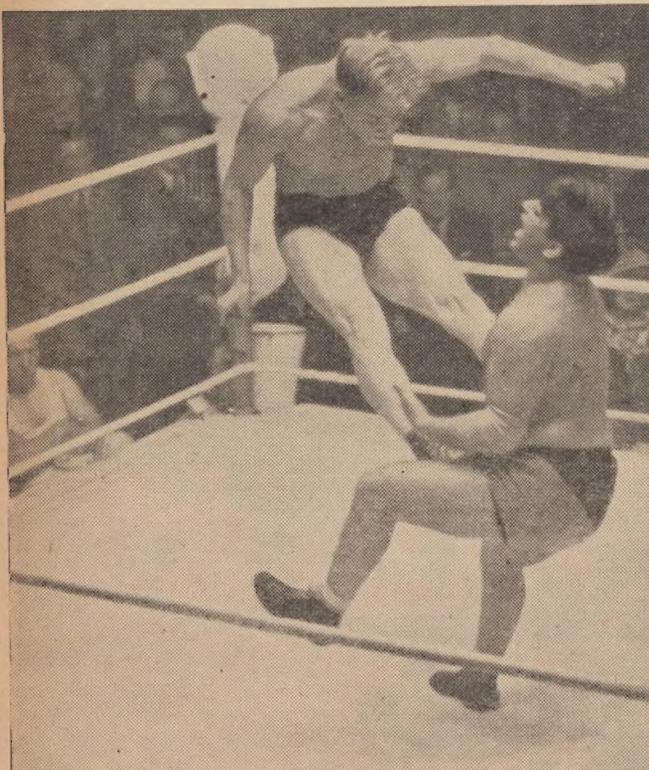
# Good Morning



"Go to sleep my little piccaninny," or "Play fair boy, play fair, if you won't keep your eyes shut, how can you guess what I'm going to give you?"

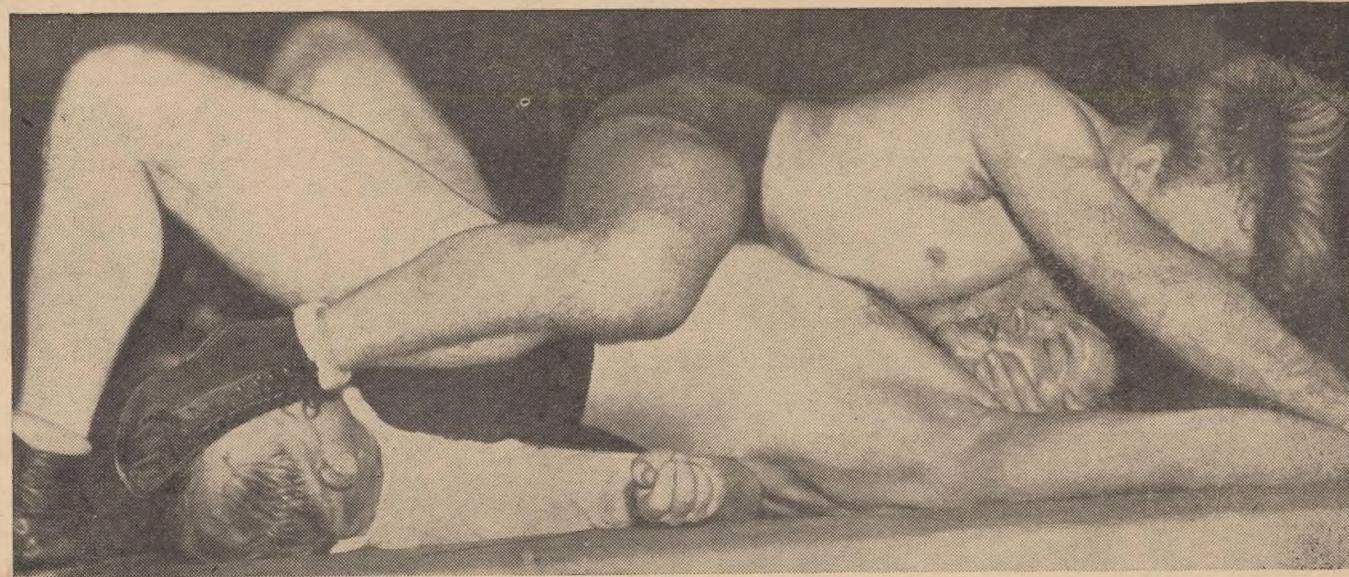


What we presume is meant by "Bearding the lion in his den." The chap on the ropes is weeping as he contemplates the fate of the he-man hair on his chest.

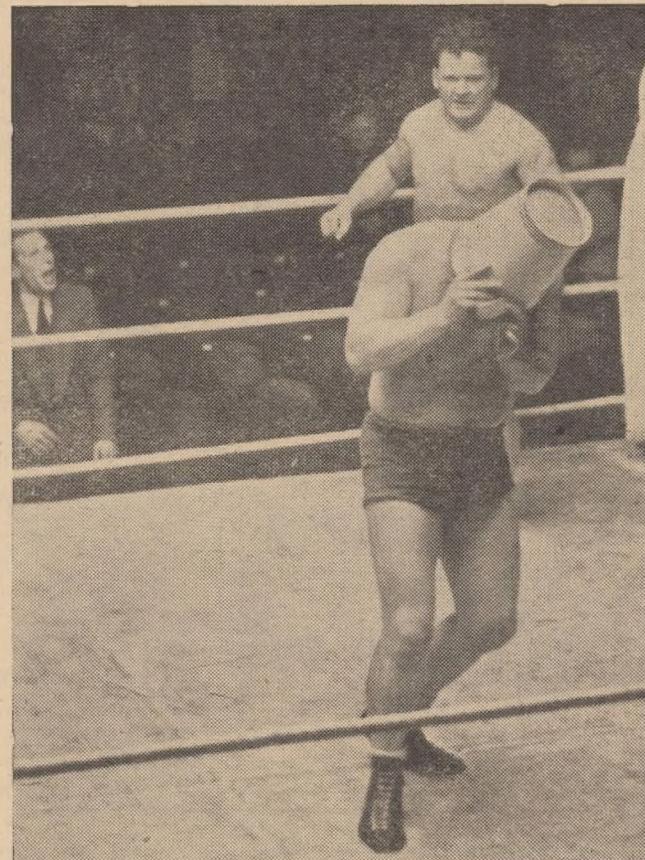


What is termed "Giving him a kick in the pants," or, alternatively "Jumping to it."

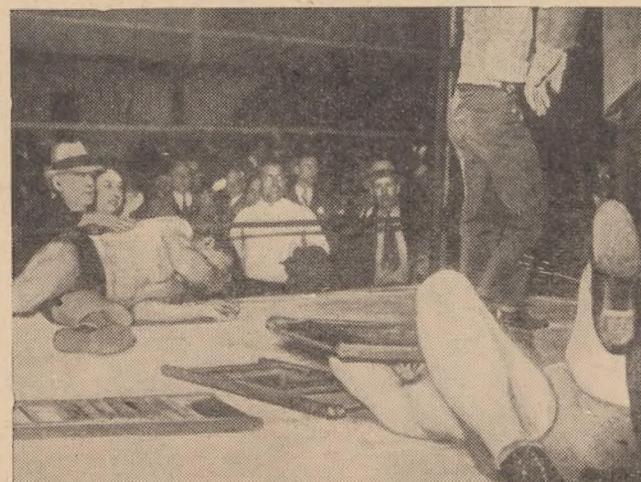
# Anything for a living



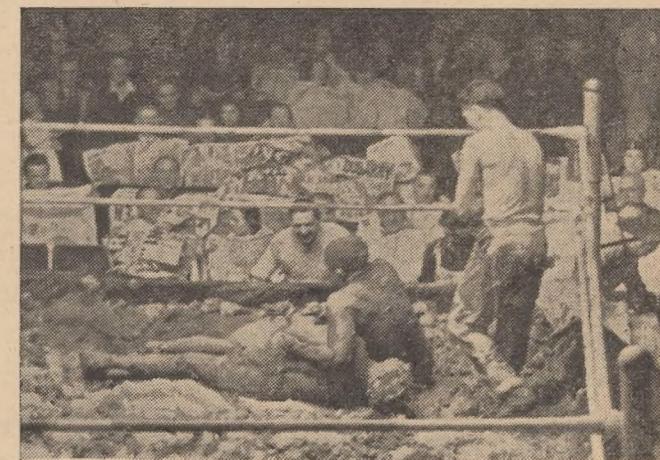
Believe it or not, but there was only one bed in the place, so they simply HAD to sleep head to toe.



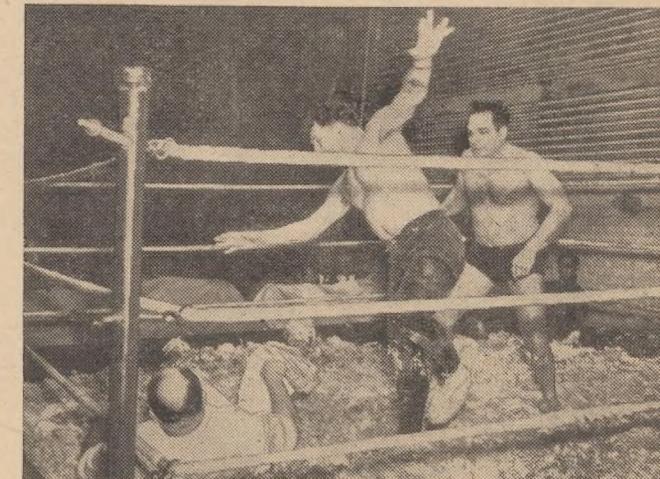
Spectator : "Hey, you can't do that there 'ere." Chick Night : "Aw, nuts. I'm sick of the sight of his face, so why the heck shouldn't I cover it?"



"Chairing the winner" replaced by "Chairing the loser." A new version, apparently so popular that even the spectators go all chivalrous and "give up their seats" to the contestants.



Somebody told these guys about mud-packs for beauty. Unfortunately the very places where they needed it most, seem to have escaped treatment. The "Fans" are not waiting for a hair cut . . . the sport (?) isn't hair-raising enough for that.



The referee takes his ices lying down. 250 gallons of eatable ice-cream wasted to add flavour to the show. What flavour? RASPBERRY of course.



Too fishy for words. A "Three for all" in which even a decision is entirely "in the scales."